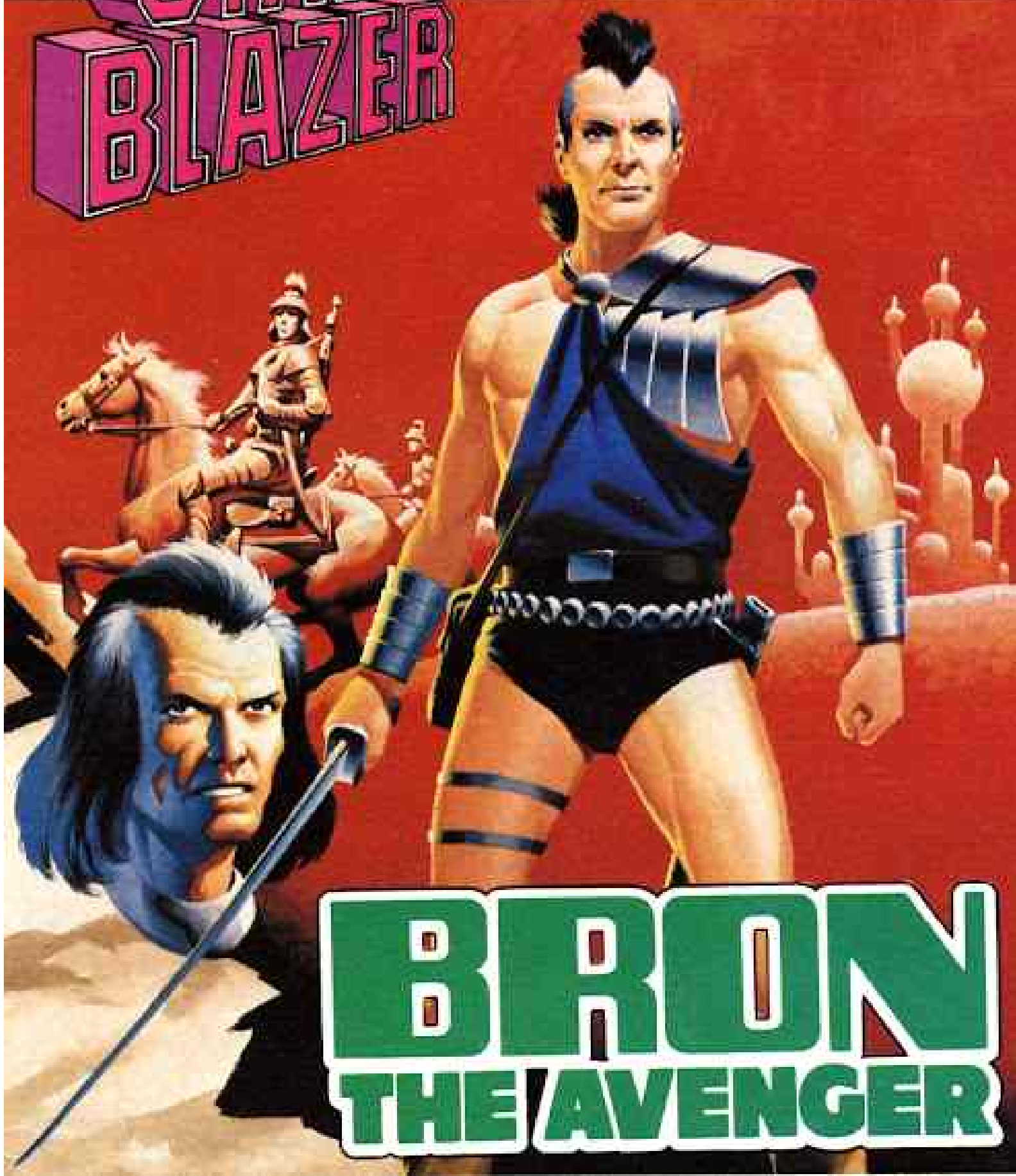


# STAR BLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN 26p  
PICTURES No 182



## BRON THE AVENGER

**DON'T FORGET THIS  
MONTH'S *OTHER***

**STAR  
BLAZER**

FANTASY FICTION IN 26p  
PICTURES No.183



**THE  
CYBORG  
CHASER**

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# BRON *The* AVENGER

GREED AND WAR HAD REDUCED THE ONCE GREAT EARTH TO WAR-TORN FACTIONS SQUABBLING OVER LAND, BELIEFS AND RACIAL DIFFERENCES. THEN SOMEONE DISCOVERED THE "ULTIMATE WEAPON" ... THE PLANET BECAME A WILDERNESS SCATTERED WITH SCRAPS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A FINE AND ADVANCED CIVILISATION. ULGAN THE SCORPION, SERVED BY AN ARMY OF RUTHLESS KILLERS USING THE FEW MODERN WEAPONS WHICH SURVIVED THE HOLOCAUST, TOOK OVER. HIS RULE WAS MERCILESS, BUT A GROWING NUMBER OF REBELS LED BY TORLADER THE HAWK, BECAME ACTIVE FREEDOM FIGHTERS, ATTACKING ULGAN'S ARMIES WHEREVER AND WHENEVER THEY COULD. ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A GREAT CITY —



HIGH ON THE HILLSIDE, TORLADER URGED THE USE OF MORE FIRE-WAGONS.

THEY'RE FORMING UP DOWN THERE!  
MOVE IT! GET THAT THING ROLLING —  
HURRY!

EASY, TORLADER! THERE ARE DWELLINGS  
DOWN THERE.

BUT TORLADER'S HATRED OF ULGAN'S TROOPS URGED HIM ON.

THE LAST ONE MISSED THE  
TARGET. THIS ONE WILL HIT IT!





BUT, HALF-WAY DOWN THE SLOPE —

THROWN OFF COURSE, THE WAGON  
PLOUGHED INTO THE CRUDE CLAY AND  
TIMBER DWELLING OCCUPIED BY A  
FAMILY OF TOILERS . . . LITTLE MORE THAN  
SERFS.





INSIDE THE HOUSE —

THE BABY!

JASSY! WAIT!  
LET ME —

AS THE MAN TRIED TO FOLLOW —

ARRGH! NOOOOO!

ON THE SLOPES —

THOSE PEOPLE — THEIR HOME!  
WE SHOULD HELP, MORVIL —

BUT WE'LL BE CAUGHT!  
WE MUST GO.



THE NEIGHBOURS TRIED TO PUT THE FIRE OUT.

MORE WATER!  
HURRY!

NO USE... WE CAN'T GET  
NEAR ENOUGH... TOO LATE...



NO ONE COULD LIVE  
IN THAT INFERNO!



NOT FAR AWAY, UNAWARE OF THE DISASTER THAT HAD STRUCK HIS FAMILY, BRON WEAVER HAD BEEN IN THE CITY TO SELL HIS MOTHER'S HOME-SPUN MATERIAL ON THE OPEN MARKET. HE WAS SPENDING THE NIGHT AT A SMALL INN.



WHAT IS THAT THING IN THE CASE, FRIEND?



IT'S VERY OLD, SONNY. FROM LONG BEFORE THE PLAGUES. USED TO BE CALLED A TELLY OR SOMETHING — SENT PICTURES THROUGH THE AIR. IT'S A RARE PIECE — A COLLECTOR'S ITEM. WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE IF ANYONE KNEW HOW TO WORK IT.

YOU ARE JESTING WITH ME! ONLY THE SORCERORS AND WITCHES CAN SEND PICTURES THROUGH THE AIR. HOW COME IT DOESN'T WORK NOW?

NEED TO BE STATIONS SENDING OUT THE PICTURES BEFORE THAT THING CAN PICK 'EM UP, LAD. ONLY ULGAN CONTROLS THAT KIND OF EQUIPMENT. I READ ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS IN THE OLD BOOKS AFORE THEY WERE ALL DESTROYED BY ULGAN, BUT I GET CONFUSED IN MY OLD AGE. . . HOWEVER, A JUG O' ALE HELPS!





THE FOLLOWING DAY, BRON SET OFF FOR HOME ...

I ENJOY TALKING TO THE OLD PEOPLE, THEY HAVE SOME FUNNY OLD YARNS. MEN ON THE MOON, PICTURES SENT THROUGH THE AIR... SOME OF THEM SAY THEY'VE SEEN ALL THIS IN OLD BOOKS. BUT I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN A BOOK... MUST ASK FATHER ABOUT THOSE TELLY THINGS ...



WHEN HE REACHED THE SMALL VILLAGE —


BUT —! WHA —?



STUNNED, BRON RACED ON DOWN THE SLOPE. AS HE APPROACHED WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS HOME, HE BECAME AWARE OF MORE HORRORS ...




WHAT'S HAPPENING?



LOOK! THERE'S ONE THAT'S STILL ALIVE. . . BUT HE'S A YOUNGSTER.

WHAT DOES HIS AGE MATTER? YOU KNOW THE ORDERS — THEY ALL DIE AS A REPRISAL FOR THAT ATTACK LAST NIGHT. GET HIM.



IT — IT WAS THEM! THEY'VE BUTCHERED EVERYONE . . . THEY'VE KILLED MY FAMILY . . . THEY'RE AFTER ME NOW BUT I CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL . . .



BRON SAW A BUCKET AND USED IT AS A MISSILE.

GOT TO RUN — OR I'LL BE  
SWINGING FROM A TREE...



HEY! LEAVE THAT HORSE,  
YOU PEASANT CUR.



TOILERS RIDING ANY ANIMAL IS AN  
OFFENCE PUNISHABLE BY DEATH,  
BUT THEY'RE ALREADY OUT TO KILL  
ME, SO WHAT DOES IT MATTER!



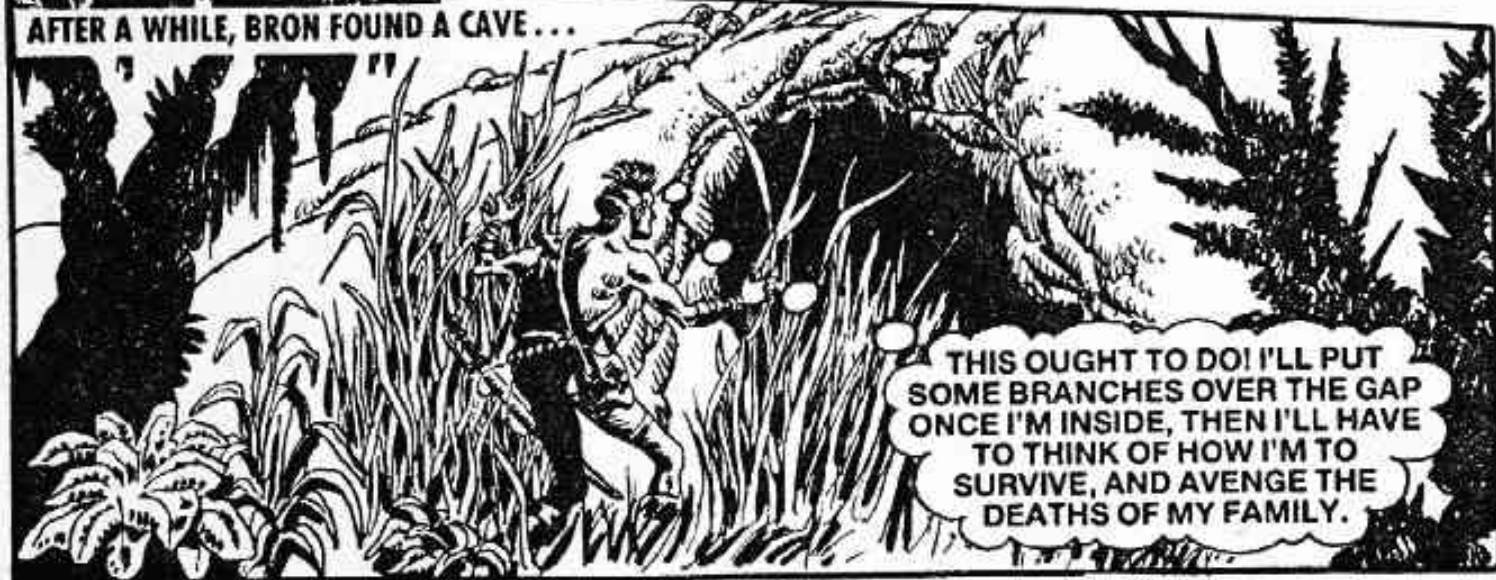
ONCE IN A WOODED AREA, BRON  
THREW HIMSELF CLEAR OF THE HORSE.







AFTER A WHILE, BRON FOUND A CAVE...



BUT, INSIDE WHAT HE HAD THOUGHT WAS A CAVE ...

WELL, I'LL BE —! IT — IT'S  
AN OLD UNDERGROUND  
TRANSPORT  
STATION. ... FATHER SAID  
THERE USED TO BE ONE  
AROUND HERE IN ANCIENT  
TIMES.

USING THE TINDER-BOX THAT MOST TOILERS CARRIED,  
BRON MADE HIMSELF A BIRCH-BARK TORCH AND  
EXPLORED THE TUNNEL.

I NEED TO GET INTO THE CITY AND  
MAKE PLANS. ... THIS OLD TRACK  
MUST LEAD STRAIGHT THERE  
ACCORDING TO THAT OLD SIGN.  
I'LL BE SAFE IF I FOLLOW IT —  
SAFER THAN USING THE  
ROADS. ...



IT WAS AFTER DARK BEFORE BRON EMERGED IN THE CITY CENTRE.

PERFECT! I CAN REACH ULGAN'S PALACE FROM HERE EASILY. NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SCOUT AROUND AND MAKE MY PLANS — AND SURVIVE!

BRON LIVED AND SURVIVED LIKE A TOUGH, YOUNG ANIMAL ...

I HAVE WATCHED ULGAN'S GUARDS FOR A LONG TIME, AND NOW THAT I KNOW THEIR MOVEMENTS, IT IS TIME TO ACT.

AS BRON PLOTTED, TORLADER BROODED —

WE KILLED INNOCENT PEOPLE! THEY'LL SOON BE AS FRIGHTENED OF US AS THEY ARE OF ULGAN!

THIS IS WAR, TORLADER! SOME INNOCENT PEOPLE DIE IN WARS. THE STRUGGLE MUST GO ON. ... THESE DEATHS MUST NOT STOP US.



WE'VE A RAID PLANNED TOMORROW NIGHT ON ULGAN'S CAGES AT THE REAR OF THE PALACE. WE MUST BREAK OUT OUR MEN HE HAS IN THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

DON'T WORRY! I'M GOING TO SEE OLD KERIDAN THE SAGE ON THE HEATH. HE IS THE OLDEST AND GREATEST OF THE ANCIENT WISEMEN, BUT I'LL BE AT THE PREARRANGED PLACE — NEVER FEAR...


LATER —



SORCERERS AND WITCHES HAVE SPREAD OVER THE COUNTRY LIKE A PLAGUE-RASH. MAYBE SOME OF THEM ARE GENUINE, I DON'T KNOW. BUT I KNOW KERIDAN, AND HE IS AN HONEST MAN. HE WILL HELP ME.



SOON —



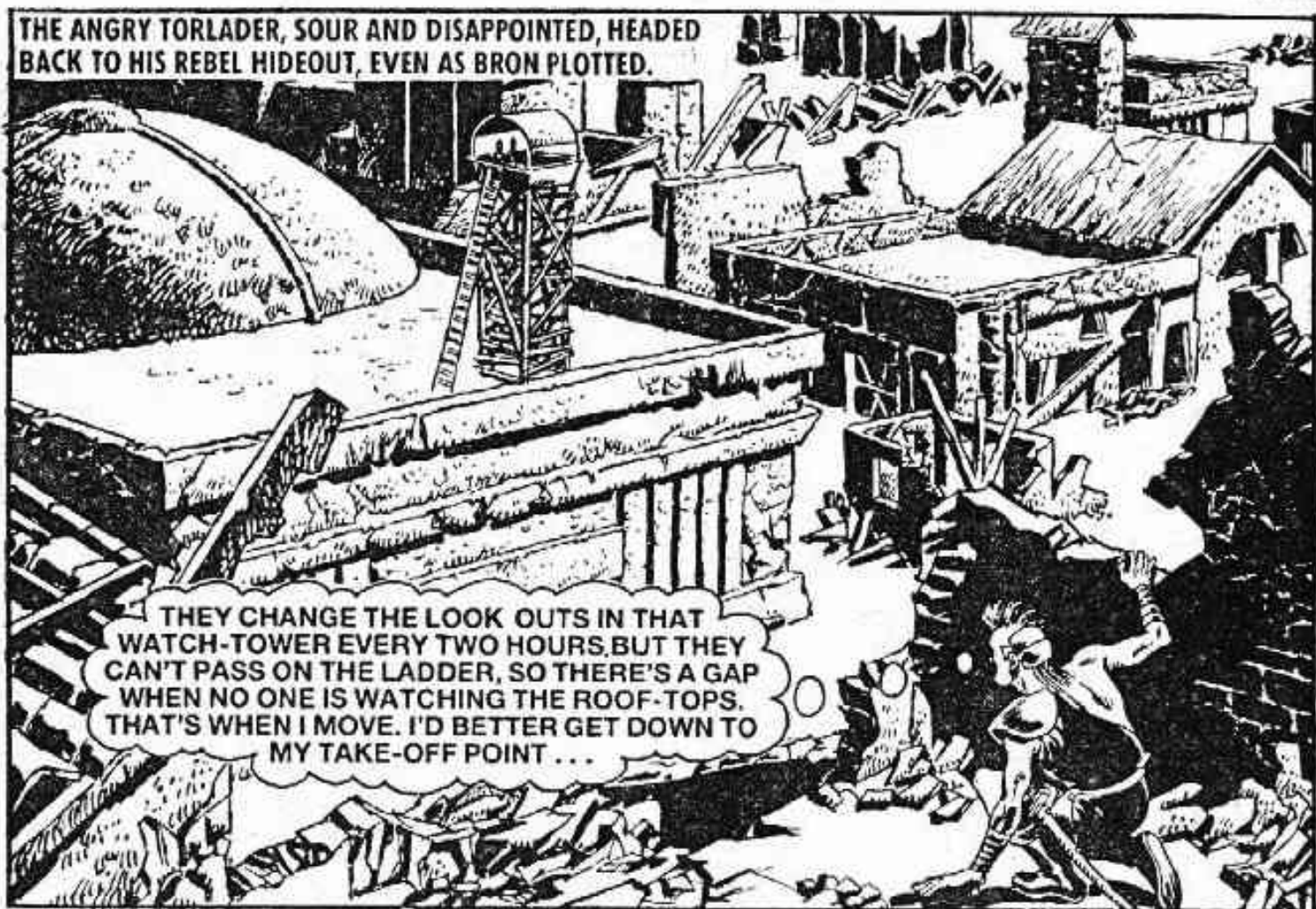
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, KERIDAN? IF THAT THING STILL HAD LENSES IN IT, YOU MIGHT SEE THE MEN ON THE MOON!

OH, THEY WERE THERE, TORLADER, THEY WERE THERE!! I AM ALMOST BLIND, YET I DON'T NEED EYES TO SEE. YOU MOCK ME BECAUSE IN YOU IS GREAT DOUBT ABOUT YOURSELF.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR SELF-DOUBT, TORLADER. YOUR TIME AS LEADER OF THE REBELS IS ALMOST OVER, BUT YOU STILL HAVE A ROLE TO FULFIL. A NEW LEADER ARRIVES — ONE WHO WILL DESTROY ULGAN THE SCORPION. YOU MUST TAKE THIS FLEDGLING UNDER YOUR WING AND TEACH HIM ALL YOU KNOW. YOU WILL KNOW HIM WHEN YOU MEET HIM.



THE ANGRY TORLADER, SOUR AND DISAPPOINTED, HEADED BACK TO HIS REBEL HIDEOUT, EVEN AS BRON PLOTTED.





OUTSIDE —



THAT'S FUNNY! I LIKE IT — WHAT WILL IT DO NOW?

NO! NOOO! WH-WHAT IS IT!  
WHAT IS IT DOING...? STOP IT!

YOU'LL SEE — ONCE THAT  
CAPTURED REBEL HAS BEEN RUN  
INTO THAT SANDBAGGED  
ENCLOSURE...




NOW THAT'S BRILLIANT!  
PRODUCE A FEW MORE OF THOSE  
AND WE'LL WIPE OUT THE REBELS  
IN NO TIME.

THEY HOME IN ONCE THE CAVIP  
DETECTS A REBEL, SIRE.

BOOM!


AS DARKNESS CLOSED IN ON THE CITY—



THE MARKET GOES ON  
TILL WELL AFTER DARK!  
WE'LL NEVER BE  
SPOTTED AMONG THE  
TOILERS BRINGING  
STUFF INTO THE CITY.

KORBEL IS LEADING THE OTHERS  
TO THE REAR OF THE PALACE FROM  
THE WEST. WE'RE DEPENDING ON  
SURPRISE AND SPEED.

AND BRON WAS RELYING ON SURPRISE, SPEED AND  
TIMING. HE HAD ONLY MINUTES TO MAKE HIS LEAP  
FROM ONE ROOF TO ANOTHER...




THEY'RE CHANGING THE LOOK OUTS.  
TIME FOR ME TO MOVE —

BUT—

AAAAGH!





OVER THERE! LOOK!  
SOMEONE ON THAT ROOF!

GET SOME MEN INTO THE  
STREETS! TAKE HIM!



WITHIN MOMENTS, THE NARROW STREETS  
WERE ALIVE WITH ARMED MEN.

OUT OF THE WAY,  
SCUM! MOVE IT!

WHAT THE DEVIL — THE PLACE  
IS CRAWLING WITH 'EM —

TIME TO MOVE BEFORE  
WE'RE RECOGNISED.





THE 'BOY' WAS ALSO IN TROUBLE!

THERE! WE'VE GOT HIM! THE  
OTHERS ARE COMING UP ON HIS  
OTHER SIDE!

WELL — I'M TAKING SOME OF THEM WITH  
ME, AT LEAST ...

AS THE FIRST SOLDIERS  
CAME OVER THE ROOF—

WHA — !EEEARGH!

TIME TO TRY OUT  
MY SWORD ...



THIS IS WHERE YOU PAY,  
YOU BUTCHERS!



MISSED!

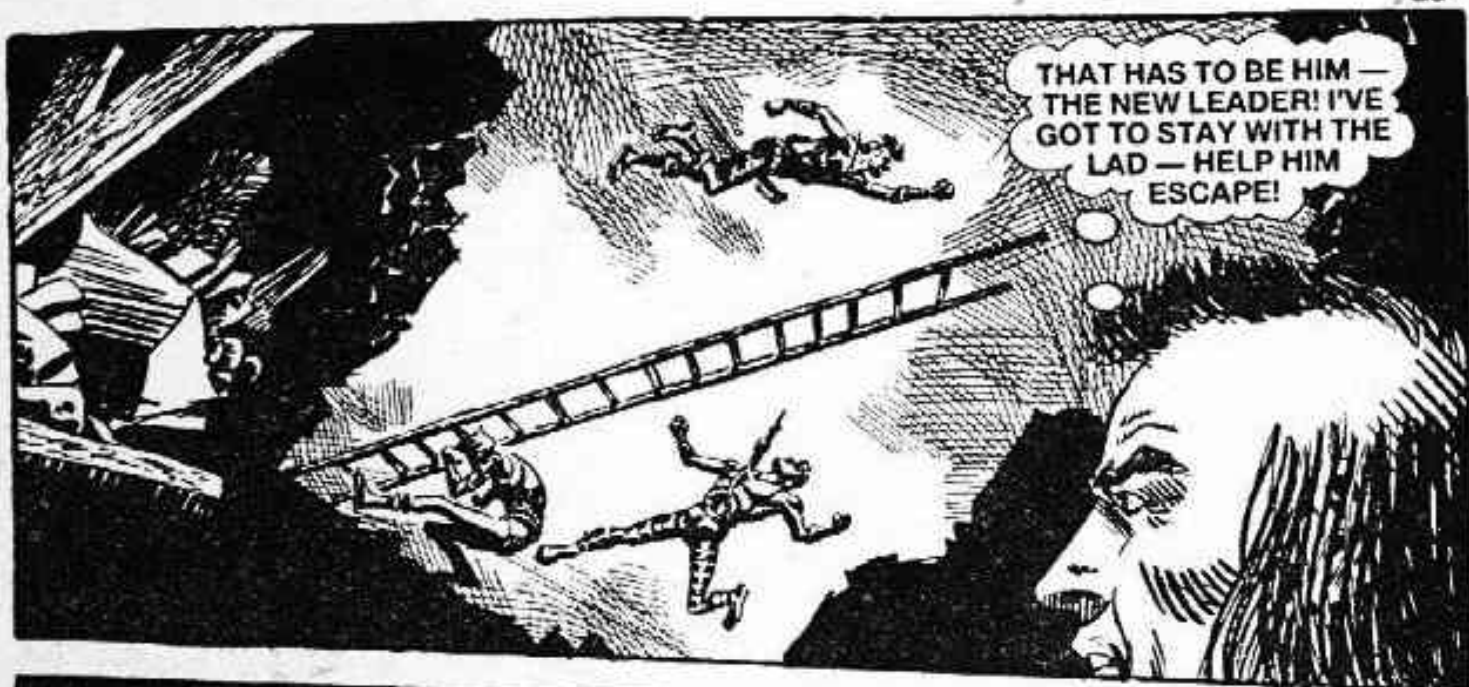
BUT BRON WASN'T BEATEN—

THIS BOY THINKS QUICKLY ...  
COULD HE BE THE ONE ... I HAVE  
THIS STRANGE FEELING ...

ARRRGH! AIEEEE!  
LOOK OUT!

THEY'VE GOT HIM! THEY'LL SLAUGHTER  
HIM JUST AS THEY WOULD A SUCKLING  
PIG!





THAT HAS TO BE HIM —  
THE NEW LEADER! I'VE  
GOT TO STAY WITH THE  
LAD — HELP HIM  
ESCAPE!

AS BRON DROPPED INTO WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A DESERTED BACK ALLEY.




OH, NO!

DON'T WASTE TIME ON  
HIM — BLAST HIM!







MOVE, LAD. WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM  
HERE — YOU'VE STIRRED-UP A WASPS' NEST ...

THE SOLDIERS DEALT WITH, THEY RAN.

WHAT WERE YOU TRYING  
TO DO — TAKE ON ULGAN'S ARMY  
ALL ON YOUR OWN?

HE MURDERED MY FAMILY! I'M  
GOING TO MAKE HIM PAY FOR IT.  
BETTER COME WITH ME. I KNOW A  
SAFE PLACE.

SOON—



ONE OF THE OLD UNDERGROUND STATIONS! BY THE STARS! I THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL FILLED IN. YOU'VE MADE A REAL FIND HERE, LAD ...

YEH ... BUT WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE NOT A TOILER ... AND YOU'RE CERTAINLY NOT ONE OF ULGAN'S SUPPORTERS!

TORLADER WAS AMUSED BY BRON'S ANXIOUS FACE.

COME ON, LAD — DO I LOOK LIKE A FLESH-EATING MUTANT? THEY DON'T RUN LOOSE AROUND THE CITY CENTRE!




I WAS GOING TO SAY A REBEL! SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY CAN BE AS BAD AS THE MUTANTS.

I'M A REBEL. BUT WE'RE BOTH TRYING TO DESTROY ULGAN THE SCORPION. YOU CAN'T DO IT ALONE.




MY REASONS ARE PERSONAL! ULGAN'S MEN KILLED MY PARENTS.






WHERE DID YOUR  
FOLKS DIE, SON?




OUR HOME WAS ALONGSIDE A TROOP  
ENCAMPMENT AT FINTREE. THERE WAS A  
REBEL ATTACK AND ULGAN'S MEN KILLED  
EVERYONE IN OUR VILLAGE AS A  
REPRISAL. FOR SOME REASON, OURS  
WAS THE ONLY HOUSE THEY BURNED.




FINTREE!!! THAT'S WHERE THAT FIRE  
WAGON WENT ASTRAY. IT — IT WAS HIS  
HOME . . . I'M THE MAN HE'S LOOKING  
FOR!

TORLADER THREW OFF HIS DEEP FEELINGS OF GUILT—



COME ON, LAD. TIME TO MOVE.  
THERE'S SOMEONE YOU HAVE  
TO MEET. SOMEONE  
IMPORTANT.

ME? WHY?

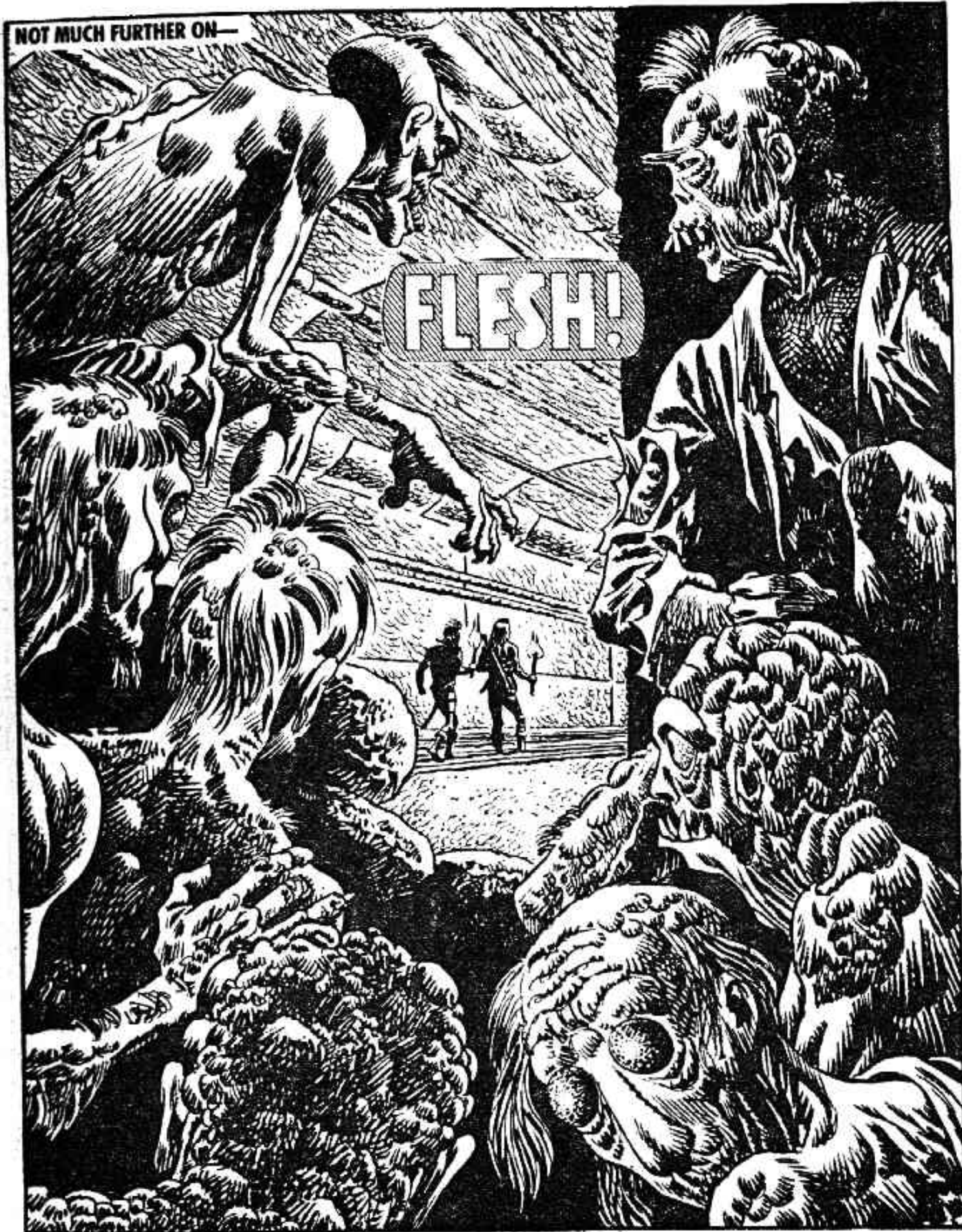


THE MAN YOU'RE GOING TO  
MEET IS BETTER ABLE TO  
EXPLAIN THAN I AM.



NOT MUCH FURTHER ON—

**FLESH!**



A FEW YARDS FURTHER ON, BRON HEARD A SLIGHT SCUFFLING SOUND—



WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE —  
BY THE STARS! LOOK!

MUTANTS! THE  
FLESH-EATERS!



KEEP MOVING! THEY ARE  
AFRAID OF LIGHT AND FLAME.







STAND BY TO SLAM THAT DOOR —  
ONE SCRATCH FROM THESE FILTHY  
CREATURES IS ENOUGH TO KILL YOU!  
GET INSIDE!



WE'RE SAFE, BUT STUCK! AND WHO KNOWS  
HOW MANY YEARS THIS HAS BEEN STANDING  
HERE IDLE. MMM! WE ARE ON A STEEP  
SLOPE... I WONDER...





BUT THE MUTANTS WEREN'T THINKING OF GOING AWAY.

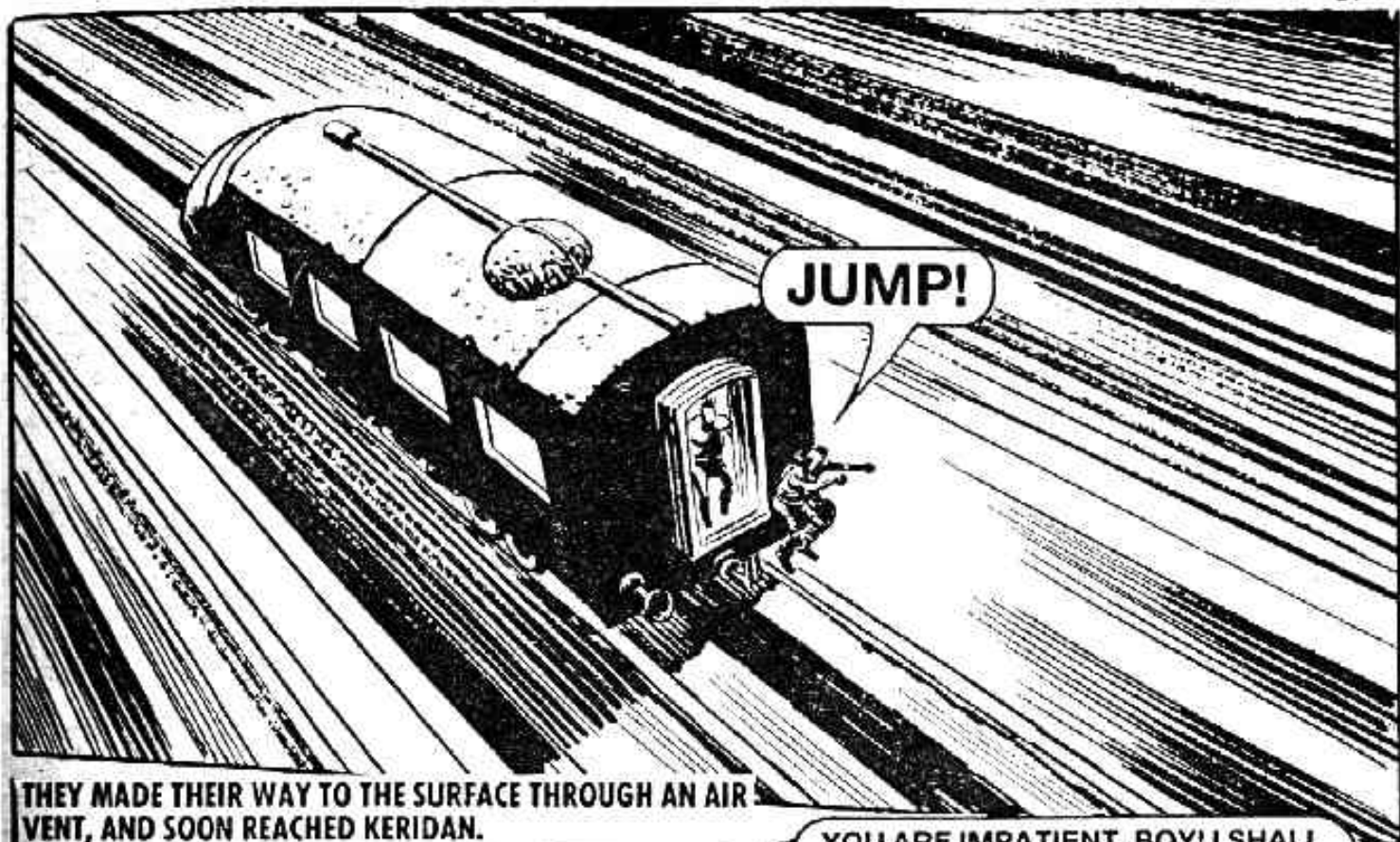




BUT, THEIR LUCK HELD. SOME MILES FURTHER ON —







**JUMP!**


THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO THE SURFACE THROUGH AN AIR VENT, AND SOON REACHED KERIDAN.

I DON'T KNOW IF IT IS HIM... I SAID YOU'D KNOW HIM, NOT ME.


YOU ARE IMPATIENT, BOY! I SHALL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO AND JUST WHERE TO LOOK. YOU WILL FIND SOMETHING ESSENTIAL, AND ON YOUR JOURNEY TORLADER WILL TEACH YOU ALL HE KNOWS. AS I SAY — IT WILL ALL TAKE TIME...

WHAT'S GOING ON?

BUMBLING OLD FOOL! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO HELP ME. I CAN'T WASTE TIME —



LISTEN! YOU SHALL TRAVEL, SEARCH, OVERCOME DANGER AND YOU WILL GROW, YOU WILL LEARN. YOU SHALL FIND THE TRUTH YOU SEEK, AND IT SHALL NOT BE PLEASANT. BUT YOUR REACTION TO IT WILL DICTATE THE FUTURE. IF YOU DECIDE CORRECTLY, YOU SHALL BRING FREEDOM AND PEACE TO THIS LAND. GO TO THE PLACE OF LEARNING — THERE YOU SHALL FIND THE MEANS TO DESTROY ULGAN.



NOW... I SHALL TELL YOU WHERE YOU ARE TO GO AND WHERE YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU MUST SEEK, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY...

THE PLACE OF LEARNING... I KNOW WHERE THAT IS! I WILL TAKE YOU THERE.



BUT, LATER, AS THEY LEFT KERIDAN'S HOME —

I'M SORRY! I'VE WASTED YOUR TIME. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE REST OF THE REBELS. WE'LL HIT BACK AT ULGAN!

NO! NOT YET! HE'S NO FOOL. HE'S RIGHT. I MUST LEARN BEFORE I CAN RETALIATE. THE SOONER WE START ON THE JOURNEY THE BETTER!

TORLADER TOOK BRON TO THE REBEL HIDEOUT —

SO THIS IS OUR NEW LEADER? THIS KID? AND YOU'RE BOTH GOING ON A LONG JOURNEY FOR YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG, TO FIND SOMETHING YOU CAN'T DESCRIBE? YOU'RE CRACKED!

DON'T WASTE TIME EXPLAINING TO THIS MORON — WE MUST GO.



AND WHEN THEY STOPPED TO MAKE THEIR  
FIRST NIGHT'S CAMP, TORLADER HIMSELF  
BEGAN TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT WHAT  
HE'D DONE...







TORLADER DECIDED TO PUT HIS DOUBTS BEHIND HIM, AND CONCENTRATED ON TEACHING BRON ALL HE KNEW. EACH TIME THEY STOPPED TO MAKE CAMP THEY PRACTISED THEIR COMBAT AND SURVIVAL SKILLS.

WEEKS BECAME MONTHS AS BRON AND TORLADER MOVED FURTHER SOUTH. THE STORY OF THEIR QUEST SPREAD.

A GREAT NEW LEADER, EH? I SUPPOSE HE HAS WINGS AND A FIERY SWORD.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, WORD HAD REACHED ULGAN'S EARS.

BUT IT'S TRUE! EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT IT. TORLADER HAS TAKEN HIM IN HAND — TRAINING HIM FOR THE BIG DAY WHEN ULGAN IS DESTROYED.

NOT SO LOUD, WOMAN. KEEP THAT UP AND YOU'LL BE DESTROYED...

TRUE OR NOT, ULGAN, PEOPLE ARE BELIEVING IT. IT COULD SET THEM AGAINST YOU.

FIND OUT MORE. TAKE ONE OF THE REBELS ALIVE AND QUESTION HIM.



A FEW DAYS LATER, ONCE A REBEL HAD BEEN CAPTURED —




HE TALKED! A YOUNG LAD HAS GONE SOUTH WITH TORLADER. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE EXACTLY. BUT THEY ARE AFTER SOMETHING THAT WILL LEAD TO YOUR DOWNFALL, APPARENTLY. IT'S THE YOUNG LAD WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE NEW LEADER OF THE REBELS.

I SEE... IN THAT CASE WE'LL MOVE AGAINST THE REBELS NOW. USE THE NEW WEAPONS! WIPE THEM OUT. THEN THIS NEW LEADER WILL HAVE NO ONE TO LEAD, WILL HE?

THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED AND ONLY A FEW OF THE REBELS ESCAPED.




WHERE'S THAT GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEW LEADER NOW, EH, KARR? NO WONDER TORLADER TOOK TO HIS HEELS. HE KNEW THIS WAS COMING!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT OF TORLADER. I THINK WE SHOULD WAIT AND SEE. HEAD FOR THE HIDEOUT IN THE HILLS. IF HE NEEDS US, HE CAN FIND US THERE. WE HAVE TO GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

WE'LL HEAD FOR THE HILLS ALL RIGHT, BUT BECAUSE WE'VE NO CHOICE, MAN. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN FIGHT THOSE THINGS...

AND, FAR TO THE SOUTH —



IS THIS THE PLACE WE HAD TO LOOK FOR, TORLADER?

ONCE AGAIN I LEARN? I WOULD HAVE PLUNGED ON OVER THAT BRIDGE AND INTO A TRAP PERHAPS!

I THINK SO... IT IS CALLED OXENFURD, AN ANCIENT PLACE OF LEARNING. BUT HOLD, THE BRIDGE IS OBVIOUSLY MAN-MADE. IT WOULD BE WISE TO WAIT AND SEE IF THE BUILDERS APPEAR. THEY COULD BE HOSTILE.



BUT, AFTER WATCHING FOR SOME TIME, THEY DECIDED TO MOVE ON.

IT'S OLD AND ROTTEN. OBVIOUSLY IT  
HASN'T BEEN USED FOR YEARS.



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE OTHER  
END OF THE BRIDGE...

LUCIFER! LOOK DOWN THERE!

MUTANT DOGS! EATERS OF  
FLESH! PERHAPS THAT  
EXPLAINS WHY THE BRIDGE  
WAS BUILT, AND WHY THERE  
ARE NOW NO PEOPLE HERE.







THEN —



MY GAMBLE DID PAY OFF! MOST OF THE BRUTES ARE DONE FOR!

NOW, FOUR OF THEM ISN'T TOO BAD, BRON. I THINK WE CAN MANAGE THIS LITTLE BUNCH...

BRON AND TORLADER FOUGHT AS ONE, THEIR FLASHING BLADES MAKING SHORT WORK OF THE CREATURES.

YOU WERE A GOOD TEACHER, MY FRIEND.

GOOD WORK, BRON! THOSE LONG HOURS OF PRACTICE BEAR FRUIT.



LATER, WHEN THEY'D FOUND A REASONABLY SAFE SECTION THEY DECIDED TO REST AND EAT.





SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, TORLADER  
CONFERSED ALL TO BRON. BUT, AS  
HE FINISHED HIS STORY —

SO, YOU SEE, BRON. IT  
WASN'T ULGAN, BUT I  
WHO KILLED YOUR FAMILY.

YOU! NO WONDER YOU TOOK ME  
UNDER YOUR WING. . . NO WONDER  
YOU BECAME A FATHER TO ME. NOW  
YOU THINK BY CONFESSING THE  
TRUTH YOU CAN ESCAPE MY  
VENGEANCE. . . WELL, THINK AGAIN.  
TAKE UP YOUR SWORD.

FIGHT, MURDERING CUR.

NO, BRON! I SHALL NOT TAKE  
ARMS AGAINST YOU. . . DO WHAT  
YOU MUST, FOR I WILL NOT  
RESIST.

FIGHT!

NO!



THEN DIE!

SO BE IT! I CANNOT FIGHT YOU, FOR YOU ARE THE NEW LEADER, AND ARE TO BE PROTECTED. YES, I KILLED YOUR FAMILY, AND THO 'T WAS AN ACCIDENT, THE PAIN OF GRIEF MUST BE GREAT, AND THE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE, GREATER. I HAVE DONE KERIDAN'S BIDDING, AND NOW IT IS UP TO YOU TO DECIDE WHAT IS TO BE DONE.

SLOWLY, THE BLIND, RAGING FURY DRAINED FROM BRON'S EYES.

IS THIS THE TRUTH THAT KERIDAN SPOKE OF? THE FIRE OF VENGEANCE WOULD HAVE CLOUDED MY JUDGEMENT. GET UP... I SHALL NOT KILL YOU. I REALISE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, BUT MY LOSS IS STILL GREAT.

YES LAD... BUT OUR COUNTRY'S LOSS WOULD BE GREATER IF YOU DID NOT BECOME LEADER.



THEY EXPLORED THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITY —

SOME TIME LATER —

THIS MUST BE THE OLD STORAGE SECTION. KERIDAN SAID THAT A GREAT DEAL OF HISTORICAL MATERIAL WAS PLACED HERE IN 'TIME-CAPSULES' WHEN THE FINAL GREAT WAR BEGAN...

AND WE KNOW WHICH ONE TO LOOK FOR... WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT WILL BE — SOME INCREDIBLE WEAPON?

THIS MUST BE IT LAD.

IT HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF WEAPON, TORLADER — IT HAS TO BE!

BUT WHEN THE CONTAINER WAS OPENED —

WHAT IN THE NAME OF — ? IT — IT'S AN OLD CLOAK! WE MUST BE WRONG, TORLADER — THIS CAN'T BE THE RIGHT CONTAINER.

IT'S THE RIGHT ONE, LAD. LISTEN TO THIS — ... "CLOAK OF LEADERS, WORN BY HETAMBEK DYNASTY UP TO THE YEAR 2200 AD... ANCIENT WRITINGS DECLARE IT TO BE OF SOME FUTURE RELEVANCE, THOUGH, OF COURSE, MODERN SCIENCE STATES ITS MATERIAL LIFE LIMITED THROUGH NATURAL PROCESS OF DECAY..."

BRON'S VOICE WAS THICK WITH DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH IT?

BUT ULGAN HAD ALREADY TAKEN UP BATTLE AGAINST TORLADER AND THE 'NEW LEADER'. HIS MEN WERE SCOURING THE COUNTRY FOR SIGN OF THEM BOTH ...

WELL, IT DIDN'T DECAY — DESPITE WHAT THE SCIENTISTS SAID. AND IT IS A SYMBOL OF ANCIENT LEADERSHIP, SO — WEAR IT, LAD! NOW — LET'S GET BACK AND TAKE ON ULGAN ...

GREAT IDEA OF ULGAN'S. USING THESE OLD RAILWAY LINES, WE CAN QUARTER THE WHOLE AREA, SENDING THE CAVIPS OUT TO SCOUR EVERY INCH OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

TORLADER AND THE YOUNGSTER CANNOT EVADE US NOW.

TORLADER — LOOK! WHAT IN THE NAME OF LUCIFER ARE THOSE THINGS?

SOME TIME LATER—

I'M NOT SURE, BRON, BUT I'VE A TERRIBLE SUSPICION THAT THEY COULD BE NASTY. LET'S GET UNDER COVER — THAT OLD RUINED HOUSE WILL DO.



INSIDE THE RUINED HOUSE—




WHATEVER THEY ARE, IT LOOKS  
LIKE THEY'RE ABOUT TO GIVE THIS  
PLACE THE ONCE OVER, TORLADER.  
WE'RE IN TROUBLE . . .

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRON.  
THEY'VE SEEN US — LOOK!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
I REMEMBER AN OLD STORY OF  
MY MOTHER'S ABOUT A WITCH  
AND A MIRROR . . .




IN THE CONTROL WAGON—



WE HAVE THEM! IT HAS TO  
BE TORLADER AND THE YOUNGSTER!

ULGAN'S PROBLEMS ARE OVER. THE  
CAVIPS ARE ALREADY MOVING IN. IT'S  
PROMOTION FOR US, LADS — ULGAN  
WILL BE DELIGHTED!

BUT, AT THE HOUSE—



ARE YOU CRAZY, BRON? YOU  
CAN'T BEAT THOSE THINGS WITH  
AN OLD FAIRY STORY. RUN, LAD!

THERE'S OFTEN A GRAIN OF TRUTH IN  
THOSE OLD STORIES — REFLECT BACK  
EVIL TO DESTROY EVIL . . . WE'VE  
NOTHING TO LOSE!



AS THE CAVIPS GOT CLOSER—

IN THE NAME OF—! IT  
WORKED! BUT — HOW—?


FRRRRT!  
FRRRRT!  
FRRRRT!

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN, TORLADER —  
WHATEVER DESTRUCTIVE FORCE WAS  
COMING FROM THOSE THINGS, WAS JUST  
REFLECTED BACK. AND IT HAS TAKEN OUT  
THOSE OTHER OBJECTS TOO! LET'S GET  
AWAY WHILE WE CAN!

YOU'VE FOUND A WAY OF DEFEATING  
ULGAN'S ULTIMATE WEAPON!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND AS MANY  
OF THESE REFLECTING DEVICES AS  
WE CAN. MAYBE EVEN SMALL SIZED  
ONES WILL WORK!


AT THE CONTROL WAGON—



PROMOTION? WE'LL BE LUCKY TO  
LIVE AFTER THIS. HOW DO WE  
TELL HIM?

SOMEONE'S GOT TO ... I DON'T  
KNOW HOW, BUT THEY'VE FOUND  
THE ANSWER TO ULGAN'S DREAM  
WEAPONS ...

AT ULGAN'S PALACE, MUCH LATER—



AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.  
THEY'RE ON FOOT SO THEY CAN'T TRAVEL  
VERY FAST. WE'LL FORCE THEM ONTO  
BLACK HEATH! IT'S A DEAD STRETCH  
SPREADING FOR MILES WITHOUT AN INCH  
OF COVER. THIS'LL BE A HUNT TO  
REMEMBER!



AS THEY MOVED ON AVOIDING ULGAN'S TROOPS, TORLADER AND BRON BEGAN TO REALISE WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

WE'RE BEING FORCED TO TAKE THE ONLY WAY OUT — ACROSS THE BLACK HEATH ...

I CAN SEE WHY IT'S CALLED BLACK HEATH? BUT WHAT MADE IT LIKE THAT? IT SEEMS TO STRETCH FOR MILES ...

IT WAS CAUSED BY THE LAST OF THE BIG BOMBS IN THE GREAT DEVASTATION. NOTHING'S GROWN THERE SINCE EXCEPT THAT BLACK GRASS. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO WAIT FOR DUSK AND THEN SPLIT UP, BRON. DIVIDE THEIR FORCES WHEN THEY COME LOOKING ...

YOU'RE RIGHT, TORLADER. ONE OF US MIGHT MAKE IT ...

AS DARKNESS FELL, TORLADER MADE THE FIRST MOVE...

THERE HE GOES... MAYBE HE'LL MAKE IT, BUT THERE'S JUST NOWHERE TO HIDE. AT LEAST WE CAN TRY TO TAKE SOME OF THEM WITH US...

BRON MADE HIS OWN BID—


THERE GOES THE YOUNGSTER! LET'S GO. WE'LL SOON HAVE HIM...

BRON LAY FLAT AS THE HORSEMEN CLOSED IN.

THIS IS NO MORE THAN SUICIDE! IF I HEAD OUT INTO THAT OPEN HEATH THEY'LL PLAY WITH ME LIKE A CAT WITH A MOUSE! I'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE THEY MISS ME.




MOMENTS LATER—



A knight in full plate armor sits atop a white horse, holding a longbow and arrow, scanning the ground. Behind him, another knight in armor is partially visible. The scene is set in a field of tall grass and scrub.

HE WAS HERE I TELL YOU.  
HE — HE'S JUST VANISHED!

BUT HE CAN'T HAVE  
JUST DISAPPEARED!



A knight in armor lies flat on his back in the grass, his head resting on the ground. In the background, a small group of riders on horseback is visible in the distance.

NO ONE COULD JUST VANISH  
IN THIS SCRUB ...

I SAW HIM ALL RIGHT ...  
DOWN THERE!

THIS CLOAK IS BLACK ... SO IS THE HEATH, AND IN  
THIS LIGHT I'M VIRTUALLY INVISIBLE. NOW — ALL I  
HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT ...

MOMENTS LATER, AS A LONE SOLDIER APPROACHED, BRON LEAPT UP—

WHA—? GNNNGH!

DIE!





SWIFTLY, BRON SLIPPED INTO THE SOLDIER'S UNIFORM—

SOON, BRON CAME ACROSS ULGAN.

TAKE THAT ONE BACK TO THE PALACE. WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM LATER . . .

IF ANYONE SAW MOVEMENT, THEY'LL ASSUME IT WAS THE SOLDIER DISMOUNTING TO EXAMINE THE HEATH ON FOOT. THE HORSE WILL HAVE MASKED ANY ACTION . . . NOW TO FIND ULGAN.

IT'S TORLADER! THEY HAVE HIM. BUT — I MUST DEAL WITH ULGAN FIRST.

SIRE! I — I'VE SEEN HIM — THE YOUNGSTER! THIS WAY — YOU WISH TO DEAL WITH HIM YOURSELF, I BELIEVE!

AYE, I DO! GOOD WORK — LEAD ON AND I'LL FOLLOW.

BRON LED ULGAN OUT DEEP INTO THE SCORCHED HEATH. THEN—

WELL, YOU FOOL? WHERE IS HE? IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF WILD-GOOSE CHASE, I'LL HAVE YOUR SKIN.

OH, HE'S HERE, ULGAN... RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU — SEE?

ULGAN EXPLODED INTO RAGE. HE DIDN'T HESITATE...

YOU!! YOU IGNORANT, ILLITERATE TOILER! HOW DARE YOU EVEN THINK OF DEFYING ME? I'LL BLAST YOU TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS.





AS THE LAUGHING ULGAN GALLOPED IN CLOSE FOR AN ACCURATE BLAST, BRON SPUN THE CLOAK.



AS THE BLINDED ULGAN TOPPLED FROM THE HORSE—



DIE, YOU WORTHLESS TYRANT!

GRUG!



A LITTLE LATER—

QUICKLY! ULGAN — HE — HE NEEDS  
HELP! ALL OF YOU — QUICKLY. I'LL  
GUARD THE PRISONER — MOVE, YOU  
FOOLS!

THAT OUGHT TO DO  
IT... THEY'RE CONDITIONED  
TO OBEY ORDERS BLINDLY!

AS THE TROOPS GALLOPED  
OFF OUT OF SIGHT—

I THOUGHT I RECOGNISED  
THAT VOICE! BRON, YOU  
YOUNG DOG! HOW DID YOU  
DO IT?

THE CLOAK... IT DID INDEED PROVE  
TO BE OF SOME SIGNIFICANCE.



ULGAN IS DEAD! WITHOUT A LEADER  
HIS MEN WILL BE EASILY DESTROYED.  
COME, LET'S GO.

SO NOW YOU GIVE ORDERS  
TO YOUR TEACHER. I FOR  
ONE AM HAPPY TO OBEY  
THEM, LEADER!



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## BRON THE AVENGER

After the Nuclear Wars devastated Earth, civilisation ceased to exist as we know it. Murderous bands roamed the country taking what they wanted. But the hand of fate selected Bron to stand against them — a young man with strength in his limbs, and revenge in his heart.

